

**A REMEMBRANCE**

of the wel imployed life, & godly end, of  
George Gaskoigne Esquire, who  
deceased at Stalmsford in Lin-  
colneshire the 7. of October.

1577.

The reporte of Geor. Whetstons  
Gent. an eye Witne s of his  
Godly and charitable  
end in this world.

*Forma nulla Fides.*



**IMPRINTED AT LON**

don for Edward Aggas, dwelling  
in Paules Churchyard and  
are there to be solde.

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The wel employed life, and godly end of

George. G. Gatoigne Esquire.



Ad is there none, wil help to tel my tale/  
who (ah) in helth/ a thousand plaints haue  
seeles, all mā toprā no mā skil of bale? (Whoe  
o yes I see/ a comfort in my moone.

Help me good George, my life and death to touch  
some man for thee, may one day doo as much.

Thou seest my death, and long my life didst knowe,  
my life: nay death, to liue I now begin:

But some wil say, *Durus est hic sermo.*

It is hard indeed, for such as feed on sin.

Pet trust me frēds (though flesh doth hardly bow)

I am resolu'd, I neuer ku'd til now

And on what cause, in order shall ensue.

My worldly life (is first) must play his parte:

Whose tale attend, for once the same is true.

Pea *Phet* thou, hast knowen my hidden hart

And therfore I. conure thee to defend:

(When I am dead) my life and godly end.

first of my life. Which some (amts) did knowe,

I leue mine armes, my acts shall blase the same

Pet on a thorne/ a Grape wil neuer growe,

no more a Churle dooth breed a childe of fame.

but (for my birth) my birth right was not great

my father did, his forwarde sonne defeat,

He was  
Sir Iohn  
G. sonne  
& Heire,  
Disinheri-  
ted.

A.ij.

This

John The life and death

Chis fro ward deed could scarce my hart dismay.

Vertue (quod I) wil see I shall not lacke:

And wel I wot *Domini est terra*,

Besides my wit can guide me from a wyack.

Thus finding cause, to foster hye desire:

I clapt on coit (a help) for to aspire.

But foolishly man dect in my peryocks plumes,

my wanton wil commaunded strait my wit:

Pea, bratnick I was, drunk wth fancies fumes,

But, *Nemo sine crimine uiuit*,

For he that findes himself from vices free

I giue him leue, to throwe a stone at me.

It helps my praile, that I my fault recite,

The lost shep found, the feast was made for ioy:

Euil sets out good, as far as black dooth white.

The pure delight, is dyayned from anoy.

But (that in cheef which wyters would respect),

truth is the garde, that keepeth men vncheet.

And for a truth, be gylde with self conceit,

I thought I men would throwe rewards on me

But as a fish, seid bites wth out a baight.

So none vnfor, mens needs wil hear or see.

and begging suites, fro bight thoughts pured:

the mounting minde, had rather flourish in need.

Wel leane I hear, of thyttles wil to byte,

wit found my rents, agreed not with my charge:

The sweet of war, sung by the carpet knight,

In



of M. G. Gaskoigne

To posse haste then ship me in adventures Barge.  
These lusty lims *sauncer* (quod I) will rust:  
That pitie were, for I to them must trust.

Wel plasse at length, among the drunken Dutch,  
(though rumours leuod, impayred my desert)  
I boldely haunt, the blast of fame is such,  
As prooues I had, a froward to wds bart.  
My slender gaine a further witness is:  
For wooztbiell men, the spoiles of war do mis.

He seru'd  
in Hollad

Euen there the man, that went to fight for pence,  
Cacht by fly hap, in prison vile was popt:  
Pea had not woozdes, fought for my liues defence,  
For all my hands, my breth had there been stopt.  
But I in fine, did so perswade my foe:  
As (scot free) I. was home wards set to goe.

Prisoners  
in Hol,

He had  
the Latin,  
Italian,  
French, &  
Dutch  
languages,

Thus wore I time, the welthier not a whit.  
Yet a weekward share, lackt force, to heare my hope  
In peace (quod I) ile trust vnto my wit,  
the windowes d'famp mase, then straight I ope  
And first I shoue, the strauall of such time:  
as I in youth, mployd in loouing time.

His  
bookes  
publ.

Some straight way said (that tungs wemy fret)  
those wanton lapes, inductiatis were to vice:  
Such did me wrong, for (quod nocet, docet)  
our neyghbours harms, are Items to the wile.  
And sure these ropes, do lyke for your behoof:  
The woos of loou, and not the wayes to iour.

Poyser

III

A. 11.

And

He went into Holland Anno 1570.

See his Herles.

# The life and death

**Glasſe of gouernement.** And that the world might read them as I ment,  
I left this vaine, to path the vertuous waies:  
The lewd I cheekt, in Glas of gouernement,  
And (labouring ſtil, by paines, to purchace praiſe,  
I wrought a Glasſe, wherein eche man may ſee,  
Within his minde, what cankered vices be.

**Diet for drunckners.** The druncken ſoule, transformed to a beaſt,  
My diet helps, a man, again to make.

**Drum of dooſday.** But (that which ſhould, be praiſd aboue the reſt)  
My Doomes day Drum, ſtro (in dooth you a wake,  
For honeſt ſport, which dooth reſreſh the wit.

**Hunting.** I haue for you, a book of hunting wit.

He hath books to publiſh. Theſe few books, are dayly in your eyes,  
Perhapps of woodch, my ſame alme to keepe,  
Per other woodch, (I thinke) of more empyde,  
Cought cloſe as yet, within my coſers ſleep,  
Pea til I dy, none ſhall the ſame reuele:  
Do men wil ſay, that Geſſaign wrote of Zeale,

**Envy.** O Envy like, ſoule fall thee wretched ſort,  
Thou mortall foe, into the ſoſward minde,  
I curſe thee wretch, the onely cauſe god wor,  
That my good wil, no more account did finde,  
And not content, thy ſelf to doe me ſtate,  
Thou miſt my hart with ſpight, ſoſpeche, & care,

**ſpight.** And ſtill of ſpight ſoule Enuies poſſoned pee,  
To Mids eares, this is hart Lynxus, eyes and doo,  
With painted ſhe wes, he beaues him ſelf on hye,

of M. G. Gascoigne.

Ful of this Bolte, in learned authors piles,  
But as the Drone, the hony huc, dooth rob:  
With woorthy books, so deales this idle lob.

He filcheth tearms, to paint a prattling tung,  
Whē (God he knowes) he knowes not what he saies  
And lest the wise should finde his wit but yung,  
He woorks all means, their woorks for to dispraise.  
To smoothe his speech, y beast this patch doth erop  
He howes the bad, the writers mouthes to stop.

Ye woorse then this, he dealeth in offence,  
(Ten good turnes, he with silence striketh dead) •  
A slender fault, ten times beyond pretence,  
This wretched *spight* in every place dooth spread.  
And with his bzyeth, the *Viper* dooth infect:  
The hearers heads, and harts with false suspect.

Now of *Suspect*: the propertie to howe,  
He hides his dought, yet still mistrusteth more:  
The man suspect, is so debar'd to knowe,  
The cause and cure of this his rancelling sore.  
And so in vaine, hee good account dooth seek,  
Who by this *Feende*, is brought into milke.

Suspect

Now hear my tale, or cause which kild my hart,  
These priuy foes, to tread me vnder foot:  
My true intent, with forged faults did thwart:  
So that I found, for me it was no boot.  
to woork as Bees, from weeds, w hony dyanes  
When Spiders turnd, my flowers vnto banes.

When

*The life and death*

Whē my plain woozds, by fooles misconstrued were  
by whose fond tales reward hild his hands back  
To quite my woozth, a cause to settle care:  
Within my brest, who wel deseru'd, did lack.  
for who can brook, to see a painted crowe:  
Singing a loft, whē Turtles mourn belowe.

Care,

What man can yeld, to farne among his books,  
and see pied Doulties, vppon a booty feed:  
What honest minde, can liue by sauring looks,  
and see the lewd, to rech a freendly deed?  
What hart can hide, in bloody warres to tolle:  
When carpet swads, deuour p soldiers spoile:

I am the wretch, whom fortune flited soe,  
These men, were hy'd ere I had bryth to speak:  
Hale then no whit, with this huge overthrowe,  
though crushig care, my gittles hart doth break  
But you wil say, that in delight doo dwell:  
my outward shewe, no inward greef did tel.

I graunt it true, but hark vnto the rest,  
The Swā in songs, dooth knolle her passing bel:  
The Nightingale, with thornes against her brest  
whē she might mourn, her sweetest lapes doth yel  
The balliant man, so playes a pleasant parte:  
When mothes of mone, doo gnaw vppō his hart.

For prooffe, my self, with care not so a feard,  
But as hurt Deere wails, (though their wounds  
When stoutly they doo stand amōg p heard. (alone

So

of M. G. Gascoyne.

So I that saw, but few hart to my mone,  
made choise to tel deaf walles, my wretched plaint  
in sight of men, who nothing seemd to faint.

But as oft ble, dooth weare an iron cote,  
as missing drops, hard flints in time doth pearle  
By peece meales, care so wrought me vnder foot  
but more then straunge is that I now celebrate,  
Three months I liued, and did digest no food:  
When none by arte my sickness vnderstood.

No Phis-  
ciao could  
find out  
his greefe.

What helpeth them to death, I needs must pine,  
yet as the horse, the ble of warre which knowes,  
If he be hurt, will neither winch nor whine,  
but til he dye, posse with his Riber goes.  
Eue so my hart, whilst liues may lend me breath:  
Bares vp my limmes, who liuing go like death.

But what auails, Achilles hart, to haue,  
King Cressus welch, the sway of all the world:  
The Prince, the Beere, so to the wretched slaue,  
Whē death assaults, frō earthy holdes are whoold:  
Yea oft he strikes ere one can stir his eye:  
Then good you liue, as you would dayly dye.

You see the plight, I wretched now am in,  
I looke much like a threshed eare of corne:  
I holde a forme, within a wimpled skin,  
but from my bones, the fat and fleshy is woyn.  
See, see the man, late pleasures minion:  
vnde to the bones, with care a wretched mone.

*The lyfe and death*

See gallants see, a picture worth the sight,

(as you are now, my self was heertofore)

My body late, stute fol of manly might,

As bare as Job, is brought to Death his doore.

My hand of late, which fought to win me fame:

Stif clung with colde, wants force to wryte my nāe

My legges which bare, my body ful of flesh,

Unable are to stay my bones vpright:

My tūg (God wor) which talkt as one would wish

In broken woords, can scarce my minde recite,

My head late stuf with wit and learned skill:

may now conceiue, but not conuay my wil.

What say you freends, this sudain chaunge to seee

You rue my Greef, you doo like flesh and blood:

But mone your sinnes, and neuer moynes for me,

And to be plain, I would you vnderstood.

My hart dooth swim in seas of more delight:

Then you who seeme, to rue my wretched plight.

What is this world? a net to snare the soule,

A mas of liues, a desert of deceit:

A moments ioy, an age of wretched dole.

A lure from grace, for flesh a toothsome baight.

Unto the minde, a canker worm of care:

Unsure, vnjust, in rendyng man his share.

A place where pride, ozcruis the honest minde,

Where richmen toyne, to rob the wistles wretch:

Where bybing miss, the iudges eyes doo blinde,

Where

\* The following 6 Stanza's make a poem  
called, A Description of the World. wr. by  
Geo. Ganoigne. In The Paradise of Daintye  
Deuisses. Lond. 1592. 4<sup>to</sup>



of M. G. Gaskoyne.

Where Parasites, the fattest crummers doo catch.  
Where good desertts (which challenge like reward)  
Are ouer blowen, with blasts of light regard.

And what is man? Dust, Slime, a puff of winde,  
Concei'd in sin, plasht in the woorld with grief.  
Brought vp w care, til care hath caught his minde,  
And then (til death, vouchsafe him some releef)  
Day yea noz night, his care dooth take an end:  
To gather goods, for other men to spend.

A foolish man, that art in office plasht,  
Thinke whence thou cam'st, & whether y Walt goe:  
The huge big Okes, small Windes haue ouer cast,  
When slender reeds, in roughest weathers growe.  
Euen so pale death, oft spares the wretched wight,  
And woundeth you, who wallow in delight.

You lusty youths, that nurish high desire,  
Abuse your plumes, which makes you look so big:  
The Colliers cut, the Courtiars Steed wil tire,  
Euen so the Clark, the Darlones graue dooth dig,  
Whose hap is yet, heere longer life to win:  
Dooth heap (God wot) but soz owe vnto sinne.

And to be short, all sortes of men take heede,  
The thunder boltes, the losse of Towres teares:  
The lightning flash, consumes the house of reed,  
Yea more in time, all earthly things will weare,  
Saue only man, who as his earthly lining is:  
Shall liue in wo, yets in endles blis.



*The life and death*

Woe: I would I had, it life could lend me space,  
but all in vain, death whites of no mans will:  
The tired Iade; dooth trip at euery pace;  
When pappered horse, will prauce against the hil.  
So helthfull nien, as long discourses spoote.  
When few wordes, the sick, would faine reporte.

The best is this, my will is quickly made,  
my welth is small, the more my conscience ease;  
This short account (which makes me ill afraid)  
my louing wife and sonne, will hardly please.  
But in this case, to please them as I may:  
These folowig wordes, my testamēt do wray.

The  
effect of  
his wil.

My soule I first bequeath Almighty God,  
and though my sinnes are greuous in his sight:  
I firmly trust, to scape his fiery rod,  
When as my faith his deer Sonne shall recite.  
Whose precious blood (to quench his fathers ire)  
Is sole the cause, that saues me from hel fire.

My Body now which once I decked braue-  
(from whence it cam) vnto the earth I giue:  
I wish no pomp, the same for to ingrate,  
once buried corne, dooth rot befoze it liue.  
And flesh and blood in this self soze is tryed:  
Thus buriall cost, is (with out proffit) pryde.

I humbly giue my gracious soueraign Queene  
(by seruile bound) my true and loyall hart:  
And truely to say, A sight but rarely scene.

*of M. G. Gascoyne.*

as Iron grieues from the adamant to parte,  
Her highnes so, hath reacht the Ceare alone:  
To gain all harts, yet giues her hart to none.

My louing Wife, whole face I faine would see,  
my lone I giue, with all the wealth I haue:  
But sence my goods (God knoweth) but neuer bee  
most gracious Queene, for ~~Chas~~ his sake I craue  
(not for any seruice that I haue doon)  
you will vouchsafe, to aide her and my Sonne.

Come, come dear Sonne, my blessing take in parte,  
and therewithall I giue thee this in charge:  
First serue thou God, then vnto bothe wit and arte,  
thy fathers det, of service to discharge,  
which (forste by death) her Maestie he owes:  
beyond defarts, who still rewardes bestowes.

I freely now all sortes of sin forgite,  
Their wrongs to me, and with them to amend:  
And as good men, in charitie should liue,  
I craue my faults may no mans minde offend.  
To heere is all, I haue for to bequest:  
And this is all, I of the world request.

Now farewell Wife, my Sonne, & frends farewell,  
Farewell O world, the haught of all abuse:  
Death where is thy sig? O Deuil where is thy hel?  
I little forsee, the fortes you can vse.  
Pea to your teeth, I doo you both desyre:

*Vt esse[m] Christo, cupio dissolui.*

### *The life and death*

In this good mood, an end mooveth the Solme,  
Bereft of speech, his hands to God he beaun'd:  
And sweetly thus, good Gaskaigne went a Dio,  
Pea with such ease, as no man there precciu'd,  
By strugling signe, or striving for his breth:  
That he abode, the paines and pangs of Death.

### *Exhortatio.*

His *Scam* is playd, you solome on the act,  
Life is but death, til flesh, and blood be slayn:  
Good mē, God graunt his wordes, within your harts be pact  
As good men doo, holde earthly pleasures vain,  
The good for ther needs, *Ytuntur mundo:*  
And vse good deeds, *Ysfruantur Deo.*

Contemne the change, (vse nay abuse) not God,  
Through holy howes, this worldly muck to  
To deale with men & Saints is very od. (scratch:  
Hypocrites, Hypocrite, a man may over catch,  
But Hypocrite, thy hart the Lord dooth see:  
Who by thy thoughts (not thy words) wil iudge  
(thee.

Careles  
lucers,

Thou iesting foole, which mak'st at sin a face,  
Beware that God, in earnest plague thee not:  
For where as he, is coldest in his grace,  
Even there he is, in vengeance very hot.  
Tempt not to fat, the lothest man to fight:  
When he is forste, the lustiest blowes dooth smight.

Courtiers

You Courtiers, check not, Merchants for their gain,  
You by your loss, doo march with them in blame:

The

of M. G. Gaskoyne.

The Lawyers life, you Merchants doo not staine, Merchants  
The blinde for South, may hardly check the lame.  
I meane that you, in Ballance of deceit:  
wil Lawyers payze, I feare with ouer waight.

You Lawyers now Who earthly Iudges are, Lawyers  
you shalbe iudg'd, and therfore iudge aright:  
you count *Ignorantia Iuris* no bar,  
Then ignorance, your sinnes wil not acquite.  
Read, read Gods law, w which yours should agre:  
That you may iudge, as you would iudged bee.

You Prelats now, Whose woordes are perfect good, Prelats,  
Make shewe in woordes, y you your woordes insue:  
A Diamond, holdes his vertue set in wood,  
but yet in Golde, it hath a fresher hue.  
Euen so Gods woord, tolde by the Denil is pure:  
Preacht yet by Saints, it doth more heed procure.

And Reader now, what office so thou haue, Readers  
to whose behoofe, this breek discourse is tolde:  
Prepare thy self, eche houre for the graue, ingenerall  
the market eats as wel yong sheep as olde.  
Euen so, the Child, who feares the smarting rod:  
The father oft dooth lead the way to God.

And bothe in time, this worldly life shall leaue,  
thus sure thou art, but know it not when to dye:  
Then good thou line, least death doo the deccieue,  
as thzough good life, thou maist his force despye.

*The life and death*  
*for trust me man, no better match can make*  
*Then leaue vnure, for certain things to take.*

*Vniuit post funera Virtus.*

*An Epitaph, written by G. W. of the*  
*death, of M. G. Gaskoyne.*

*For Gaskoynes death, looue of so mone, or mone:*  
*You are deceiued, a line the man is stil:*  
*A line? O yea, and laugheth death to scorne.*  
*In that, that he, his fleshy life did kil.*  
*For by such death, turned hys losse for one,*  
*His Soule in heauen dooth liue in endless ioye.*  
*His worldly works, such shame in earth haue foune,*  
*As sick men woe ack, his name can there destroy.*

*But you will say, by death he only gaires.*  
*And how his life, would many stand in stead:*  
*O dain not Freind (to counterchange his paynes).*  
*If now in beauen, he haue his earned meade.*  
*For once in earth, his toyle was passing great:*  
*And we denourd the sweeter of all his sweat.*

*FINIS.*

*Nonne ante exitum boatus.*

CC  
CC

